Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE"

NO. 16.—VOL. XVI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21 1804. NO. 797

LETTER X.

M. RICHTER TO M. BERNSTORF.

Luneburg.

TO make slaves of their fellow-men my good old friend, seems not to be peculiar to those who possess sugar-plantations, but to be the failing of the greater part of human kind. What is most extraordinary in this is that the master still makes pretentions to the love of his slaves, as in fact I myself have done. You remember (think God the time is past!) when we were in Curracoa, how we behaved to our slaves. Did we not endeavor to obtain their love? Did we not anxiously strive to deserve their gratitude? It is true we gave them their dishes full of rice, and treated them not like devils, but humanely. We may lay our hands upon our hearts, good Bernstorf, and say we treated them humanely. How else could the unfortunate creatures have loved their masters? Man can bear every thing but slavery; and that, indeed, how should he bear? Persuasion is the only sovereignty that one man can bear from another, and scarcely that. Gracious Heaven! there is one way, and one only, to reach the human heart—affection. But this way, though it is that the Almighty takes with us, man disdains to follow. He will read the heart he would penetrate, instead of waiting till it shall open itself to the ray of love. The bee hangs on the closed cup of the flower, and waits till the warm ray of the sun shall open it; the child breaths with his warm breath on the flower, that it may expand its leaves: yet how differently does man act by the human heart!

My brother, in order to secure to himself the affection and obedience of his son, has locked him up, a close prisoner, in his room. I have told him over and over, till I am tired, that confinement never yet produced love and willing obedience.

"Your son," said I to him, "to avenge himself, will be still less inclined to obey you."

"Oh no, a son can never be so wicked!" whined out an old aunt, who, in this house, turns every thing upside down.

"Judith is in the right," said my brother: "it is contrary to nature that a son should hate his father."

Nothing irritates me more than when people endeavor to shelter their folly behind such general expressions and maxims as these.

"What then is the meaning," said I coldly, "of the words son and father? What is that natural affection which the hard-hearted man can talk as freely of as the benevolent? Do you think, brother, that nature has formed so firm a bond between father and son, and yet permitted you to loose yourself from it at pleasure? Father and son are the denominations which signify the bond of a natural affection. Affection did I say? The purest and most sacred love should unite each to the other: take from the commands of the father every thing that may appear harsh and forbidding in the nature of a command, and render the obedience of the son an exquisite pleasure. Take away this love, and the father will become a master, and the son a servant. Then, instead of love, we shall have hatred: instead of confidence, rancor; instead of advice, commands; and instead of affectionate compliance, the obedience of the slave.

What gives a father his sacred rights? Not surely his having given existence to his children? The mother, from the pains and dangers of childbirth, would then have rights much greater and still more sacred. Affection to his son gives the father his rights: take that away, the son can owe him only precisely so much obedience as his future inheritance may be worth. We exhort children to love their parents, and to be grateful and obedient to them. Good! very good! But shall a father never be told that his unlikewise has his rights? When a father makes his child the sport of his caprice; when he sacrifices the whole happiness of his son's life, to a temporary advantage of his own, or his love of authority, shall no one say to him—"Thy son is a man, and not thy slave?"

"Oh!" said Judith, "now I perceive why my nephew Charles is so obstinate and self-willed."

"No," said I, "I certainly shall not hold this language to your son. I know well that young persons, when all their whims and caprices are not indulged, are too apt to call us tyrannical and cruel. But I know, likewise, that we old men often take our passions—our pride, avarice, and love of authority—for virtues as young men do their extravagancies."

All my talking, however, had but little effect, and my nephew is locked up a close prisoner, because he will not marry a person with whom he would probably be miserable. My brother-in-law was indebted for his fortune to the grandfather of the girl; and so the son is to be made to pay the father's debts. The girl is an artful, designing, extravagant hussey, who only looks to the money of my nephew. She is wanton and dissolute, too, I fear, which is the worst that can be said of a girl; for woman by nature has not a propensity to wantonness.

As soon as I found that my brother in-law had conceived the design of this marriage. I employed myself in endeavoring to learn, as privately as possible, the real character of the girl, and discovered circumstances which proved to me what a fruitful source of corruption the present mode of female education is. when it acts upon vanity, You would be astonished, good honest Bernstorf, were I to tell you all the bale effects that vanity has produced in this family.

I had resolved to obstruct the hasty completion of this marriage by every means in my power, what ever might be the consequences. Fortunately my nephew has conceived an affection for the daughter of a widow. I have already mentioned her to you in a former letter. She is so like my Julia! she is all simplicity, goodness, tenderness!—My nephew, as may be supposed, refused to sign the marriage-contract with the other. I then said aloud, somewhat maliciously I own, that I was sure the young lady would not sign it. She, however took the pen. This thoughtless eagerness she will never be able to attone for with my nephew; I could see disgust in every feature of his countenance.

My Nephew was confined in his chamber the same evening; and I almost doubt whether some violence may not be attempted on the poor innocent girl. I shall, however, be at hand to afford assistance to both should it be requisite.

You see, my good old friend, I am again involved in a romantic adventure; but I hope I shall be able at last to act the part of the good English captain, who took us out of our leaky vessel on board his own sound ship. My nephew remains very patiently in his chamber, where he is even denied the use of pen and ink. I am narrowly watched with respect to every thing I do, and where I go. So that I must let some days pass over before I can carry the poor girl the welcome intelligence that the absence of her lover is only occasioned by his being confined on account of his fidelity to her.

LETTER XI.

The same to the same.

Luneburg.

THE storm still continues, my good friend; in our family every one seems to have conspired against the happiness of the other. I am almost ready, to say the truth, to break open the prison of my nephew, and give him liberty to go and see the poor girl on whom he has bestowed his heart; but I would much rather be able to convince my brother that he is in the wrong, than too violently intermeddle in an affair so delicate.

A day or two since, I went to see the widow, under my usual pretext of carrying work for her and her daughter. I found them both, as I expected, evidently very uneasy, but they said nothing. I would not discover myself, but sat down and conversed on the common topics of the town, to introduce the information I intended to give. I mentioned Miss Willman! (that is the name of the young lady my nephew is required by his father to marry.) When I pronounced her name, I saw a tear start into the eyes of the daughter; but I took care not to observe it.

"Poor girl!" said I, how strangely things sometimes happen in this world! She was to have been married, it is reported, to young Mr. Janson; and now he will positively have nothing to say to her."

"Nothing to say to her!" said the daughter, and anxiously attentive to my words.

"No, indeed," continued I; "and so his father has confined him to his room to force him to consent."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed she: "confined him!"

She turned from me, and I heard her sigh heavily.

"But I hear," continued I coolly, "that he has already given his heart to another; and if that be the case, I will venture my life they must let him at liberty again without obtaining their end."

"That I think, too," said the mother: "they cannot force him.

"But dear mother, confined to his room! who knows how severely he may be treated!" said the daughter, with broken sighs.

"Severely treated!" said I—"I have been young myself my dear child; and, if you had a lover, only ask your own heart if imprisonment for his sake would not appear like a heaven to you! He may remain there perhaps a fortnight, with his thoughts all the time fixed on the dear object of his affections. Will not that give him pleasure And as to Mr. Janson, I know with certainty that

he is as cheerful and happy as ever he was in his life; one of the clerks at his house has told me that."

You see, my good friend, I had now got rid of my parcel of comfort which I had undertaken to carry; and I left the house, extremely well satisfied with what I had seen and what I had done. A little trouble is an additional enjoyment to an affectionate heart: it is a dark cloud in the clear sky of spring, which heightens the beauty of the day.---But I have now another story to tell.

Yesterday morning a hackney-coachman enquired for me, and wished to speak with me alone. As the man had a very honest countenance, I took him into my chamber. There he began with a long account of the great respect and regard he had for my nephew, for he take of his mother, my late sister, whose goodness had preserved him and his family, when they were in the utmost distress, from sickness and want. He then proceeded in a very perplexed manner, to tell me that my nephew had sometimes hired his coach for a little country excursion, and taken the widow Silverman and her son and daughter with him.

"Young Mr Jenton," continued he, "has I believe a particular kindness for the daughter, and she is, indeed, a very good and a very pretty girl: but I am convinced he means nothing dishonorable; otherwise I might have gone once, but he certainly should have had my coach no more for any such base purpose, though in other respects I would go through fire and water to serve my young master."

"And is that all," said I, at last, "that you come to tell me?"

"No," said he, "had I thought it necessary to tell you that, I should certainly have come and told you sooner. But the principal matter I come about,---and I think you will agree with me that it is of some consequence,---is this:---Yesterday I was employed to drive madam Willmans and a person who was an entire stranger to me. They talked about my young master and the widow's daughter he is so fond of; and from what they said, they have some bad designs against the poor girl. I am sure there is a wicked plot against her."

I now became attentive. From what I could learn from this honest man, Mrs. Willmans has formed a plan to have the girl and her mother carried off; and, if the ears of the coachman are to be trusted, there seems to be a design against the innocence of the daughter. There has it appears, been some talk of conveying her to Hamburg. I have been mentioned, too, and accused of supporting my nephew; which induced the coachman to apply to me. He intreated me very earnestly to espouse the cause of the poor girl.

"She is not rich," said he; "but her countenance is so expressive of innocence that I cannot bear to think that any harm should happen to her."

I pressed his hand with a sympathetic feeling, and was sorry that I was obliged to let him go without another kind of reward; but I cannot as yet lay aside the appearance of poverty.

It is not improbable that Mrs. Willmans will endeavor to have the girl carried off. If they take her to Hamburg, there will be work cut out for you, my good Bernstorf. The stranger is named Knocher, or Schoche; the coachman could not rightly remember the name. He is a little man with a prominence on his back, a long sharp chin, and wears a cut wig.

"Let us only get the pretty creature to Hamburg," said he, "and I warrant we will manage the business."

The post is going out. My nephew is still confined. I wonder both at his and his father's patience. Farewell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH BEAN.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER CHILDREN.

FAREWELL my loving children all,
I can no longer with you stay,
The messenger of death doth call;
My God! I'm ready to obey.

My children dear, behold this frame,
That cold before your eyes doth lie,
Long did I with you here remain,
But you, as well as I, must die.

No parents have you, now, my dears,
To cheer or sooth you in distress;
Your heav'nly parent love and fear;
To him you must your prayr's address.

My children dear, mourn not for me,
I trust I've made my peace with God;
Mourn for yourselves, that you may be,
Prepar'd to meet me with my God.

In heaven my constant prayr's shall be
For your protection while below,
That when the Lord doth call for thee,
That you may be prepar'd to go.

And meet me in the heav'ns above,
Where neither death, nor grief, nor pain,
In the bright realms of peace and love,
And never more to part again.

THE APRIL MORNING.

"SOFT as the dew from heav'n descends,"
Hail'd on the nightly shower,
While gentle earth kindly blends,
And wakes the sleeping flower.

The tree, the plant, the herb conspire,
Their gratitude to show:
And proudly lift their branches higher,
Exulting as they grow.

The doubting sun behind the cloud
Emits a fainter ray,
Till, of his native radiance proud,
He bursts at once to day.

Now vegetative life is warm,
And springs at ev'ry pore;
While nature wonders at the charm,
That winter had before.

Wonders that northern wind should bind
While western breezes warm,
But triumphs now, for Heav'n is kind
And past the wintry storm.

Then let the vegetable tribe,
With lower emphatic preach;
While mortals cheerfully imbibe
The doctrines that they teach.

For all that's great, and good, and wise,
Successive seasons prove;
Then with each season, let us rise
In gratitude and love.

THE COTTAGE IN THE GROVE.

NOW wanton gales perfume the glade,
Beneath the woodbine's fragrant shade
Each shepherd breathes his love;
From all that's fresh, from all that's fair,
I've cull'd each sweet to deck with care,
My cottage in the grove.

O come Eliza, lovely maid,
To share the sweets of rural shade,
O, come, and be my love;
Here mutt charms with magic sound,
While love and pleasure reign around
My cottage in the grove.

Here roses red and roses white,
With rural sweets my fair invite,
These rural joys to prove:
Here harmony delights to dwell,
Content is found within my cell,
My cottage in the grove.

The following laughable specimen of an English College stood's familiar style, is extracted from a number of "St. James Chronicle," published in June, 1765.]

Copy of a letter from a young *Cantab*, in town to his *Chum* at Cambridge.

DEAR TOM,

YOU know I promised you a line as soon as possible, and now I am as good as my word. I got to town only last night, and had a very hearty welcome from my uncle: He is a fine old Grecian, but how I shall get a fortnight over with him the Lord knows: For if every day is to be like the first, I shall have matter enough for a letter every post, and you difficulty enough to find money to pay the postage.

We got up this morning and breakfasted very comfortably. About twelve o'clock, "Jack, (said he) I'll take a walk with you to look about us a little." On which he took up his stick, and I took down my hat: As we passed by a broker's shop, we saw a man adjusting a large old fashioned elbow chair he had just vamp up and set out for sale. My uncle unguardedly says to him, "that's a mighty clumsy chair." The fellow, eying him from head to foot in an instant, retorts hastily, "not so clumsy as your nose." Unluckily for my uncle, there was not a part about him would so ill bear touching as his nose, it being inflamed and swelled with three or four large carbuncles; so that it looked like a dog-star on a very dark evening: you may think therefore Tom, this speech hit him too hard.--"You rascal, (says he) what business have you with my nose?" "And what business have you (answers the fellow) with my chair?" "Sirrah! (says my uncle) your chair is set out for sale, and every man has liberty to give his opinion as he pleases." "And God A mighty (says the fellow) let such a queer nose upon your face for every body to laugh at, if they please." He kept looking back, and walking side-ways, just like a crab, muttering to himself, "A rascal! a villain!" &c. when unluckily a boy coming from the baker's with a dinner for a family as hungary no doubt as himself, was in full run to get his teeth fet to work as fast as possible, but, O lamentable! turning short a corner, he came so plump against my uncle, whose eyes were still fixt on the fellow, instead of minding his own way, that his coat was daubed with a piece of smoking hot beef, and his waistcoat and breeches received all the fat and gravy and part of the pudding; this unexpected blow coming before his blood had the least time to cool, raised such a storm in his pericranium, that had Hogarth been so lucky as to have seen his attitude it must have been as estate to him; he seemed at tall as the house he stood by: his cheeks were puffed up to an amazing size, and his eyes flashed fire from every corner, which encreased every time he cast them down on his gravied waistcoat and breeches; for his breeches had got the largest share of the pudding by far. There was the piece of beef tumbled upon a tinman's shop door; there was the remainder of the pudding, that did not choose to stay upon my uncles breeches, lying scattered along with the pieces of the broken platter, upon twenty different parts of the pavement---there was a dog turning round and roaring because he had burnt his teeth by striking them rashly into the hot beef; there was———but the postman's bell rings, so must defer the remainder to my next, and am,

Dr. Tom, Your's, &c.

J. P

MAXIM.

THE folly of one man, is the fortune of another, and no man prospers so suddenly as by the errors of others.

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday laſt, according to the City Clerk's report, are adults 21—children 6—Total 27.

Extract of a letter from Commodore Preble to Mr. Cuthbert, dated Jan. 4th, 1804, in the harbor of Syracuſe.

"I have juſt returned from a cruiſe off Tripoli, where on the 23d December I captured a veſſel with the Baſhaw's preſents to the Grand Signior, accompanied by ſeveral officers of diſtinction. I truſt this capture will give us conſiderable advantages in negociating a peace."

On Monday afternoon, a young woman was found on the Battery, apparently delirious, and preſerved from drowning herſelf. By the moſt correct information that can be obtained her name is Mary Bradley. As ſhe is really an object of the greateſt pity, and that her friends may obtain intelligence of her, it is hoped that the printers in this city and in the country, will publiſh the above. She may be ſeen at Mr. Joſeph George's, No. 64 Henry-Street.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman of reſpectability in St. Thomas's, to his friend in this city.

"Capt. Jones of Charleſton S. C. arrived here the 21ſt inſt. from Guadaloupe, which place he left the 17th inſt. and ſays, that ſeveral prizes had been carried in there, ſeven arrived three days before he left it; one was the ſhip Sarah of Liverpool, from the coaſt of Africa with 333 ſlaves, one ſhip of 20 guns, taken by a privateer of 10 guns, which carried the ſhip after the fourth attempt to board her; the French loſt their 1ſt Lieutenant, ſecond badly wounded and a great number killed; the ſhip made an obſtinate reſiſtance—in fact the ſlaughter was great on both ſides; a ſhip from London, and ſhip from Demarara, and three others---A great number of Americans there; produce low and plenty, he ſays their privateers treat the Americans in general politely, and never oblige them to take out their boats at ſea, having lately received orders to that effect, and treat the American flag with the greateſt reſpect."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Waſhington.

"Communications have been received from Commodore Preble, ſince thoſe bringing the painful intelligence of the loſs of the Philadelphia, ſtating that Yuſſef Baſhaw, is in force, that he has had a pitched battle with the party of the uſurper, and gained a deciſive advantage over him, that he can bring a formidable army to the war of the ruling Baſhaw, and that he will cooperate with the United States on the ſame condition as formerly propoſed."

Yuſſef Baſhaw is ſaid to be the rightful ſovereign of Tripoli; and the preſent Baſhaw, his brother, an uſurper.

Intelligence by the brig Eliza, which arrived on Saturday, in 16 days from Havanna, mentions, a day or two before the brig ſailed, the French General Iavoilet demanded 40,000 dollars from the Governor of Havanna for the payment of the French troops, and received for an anſwer that the demand could not be complied with, as no orders to that effect had been received from the Spaniſh government. The General then declared that he would not be accountable for the conduct of his people, and in conſequence of this declaration the Spaniſh troops were put under arms with orders to take up and confine every foreigner without any diſtinction; and they were executing theſe orders when the Eliza ſailed.

BOSTON, April 13.

INTERESTING---FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the Minerva, on Wedneſday laſt, from London, we have received intelligence down to the 9th ultimo.---The moſt ſtriking articles of which we preſent our readers.

On the 17th of Feb. Regnaud announced to the Legiſlative Body aſſembled at Paris, in a report of conſiderable length, that new plots framed by England (the uſual cant) had been diſcovered by the watchful eye of government. He ſtated that a correſpondence had been ſome time maintained between Gen. Pichegru in London, and general Moreau in France---That their agent and all his papers had been ſeized at Calais. That Georges, a ſworn enemy to Bonaparte, ſome time reſident in England, had landed at a convenient ſpot between Dieppe and Treport, with eight of his Brigands!---That this was followed by the landing of Coiter St. Victor, and ten Brigands! That in a third debarkation Gen. Pichegru, La Jollais, Armand, Gaillard, and Jeane Marie, with ſome other brigands had landed---That contrary winds prevented others from landing who were off the coaſt---That Georges and Pichegru had arrived in Paris, lodged together and were ſurrounded by ſome thirty brigands, commanded by Georges---That they had ſeveral interviews with general Moreau---That Lajollais had been ſeized, and the effects and papers of Pichegru. He ſtated that the purpoſe of this combination was *A conſpiracy* againſt the *life* of the *Firſt Conſul*, and the government of France! The report read by Regnaud, was ſigned by Regnier, Grand Judge Miniſter of Juſtice &c.

LONDON, JAN. 1.

The Hon. Mrs. and Miſs Howard diſtributed to the poor of the neighborhood of Elford, on Chriſtmas eve, 200l. in money, 100 pair of blankets, 100 pair of ſheets, 350 yards of cloth 200 pair of ſhoes, and 100 bibles.

HAGUE, February 14.

The French have lately ordered the ſeizure of all the Engliſh goods found in all the maritime towns in this republic; which have been conducted to the French depots. The order was executed under the bayonets of the military; and has occaſioned much ruin and diſtreſs; particularly at Middleburg, Flushing and Veere. The government of Zealand, had made a ſtrong remonſtrance to General Mouret, on the ſubject.

MORTALITY.

ALL born on earth muſt die: Deſtruction reigns
Round the whole globe, and changes all its ſcenes.

DIED,

On Saturday the 10th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH BEAN, in the 53d year of her age. In this woman her children have loſt a tender and an affectionate mother, her friends an agreeable and pleaſing companion, and the church to which ſhe belonged, a worthy and paternal member.

On Monday laſt of a lingering illneſs, which ſhe bore with chriſtian fortitude, Mrs. JANEWAY, conſort of Mr. George Janeway.

MORNING SCHOOL.

M. NASH reſpectfully informs his friends and employers, that his Select Seminary for Young Ladies and Young Gentlemen, will, on the firſt of May next, be removed to No. 313 Pearl-Street, corner of Ferry-Street. And likewiſe that he propoſes commencing a Morning School for Young Ladies at that place, provided a ſufficient number apply previous to the above date.

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COURT OF HYMAN.

HOW bleſt the ſcene, when prudence guides the flame
Which beauty kindles and the Lover inflame;
When mild in truth, and ſoftneſs end of art,
The Lovers feel the tender conſtant heart;
Then bliſs defends---Love's ſacred rapture warm---
Peace beams around---and fled is each alarm.

On Monday evening the 9th inſt. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. CALORN ROCKWOOD, to Miſs MARY ANN SCOTT, both of this city.

On Thurſday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Milledoller, WILLIAM JENKINS, of Philadelphia, Brewer, to Miſs ELIZABETH BURR, daughter of Mr. William Burr, of this city.

On Saturday evening laſt, by the right Rev. Biſhop Moore, Capt. WHITE MATLACK, jun. to Miſs ABIGAIL ROBERTSON, daughter of Robert Robertſon, all of this city.

On Monday evening, at Barbadoes Neck, New-Jerſey, by the Rev. Dr. Ogden, Mr. THOMAS H. HARVEY, merchant of this city, to Miſs SARAH SCHUYLER, daughter of John Schuyler, Eſq. of that place.

At Newtown, (L. I.) on Saturday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. JEROMUS I. RAPELYE, to Miſs PHOEBE GREENOAK, daughter of Mr. John Greenoak all of that place.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. JOSIAH DANIELS, to Mrs. BRIDGET MOURESSON, both of this city.

On Monday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. WILLIAM PLUMER, to Miſs ELIZA RYDER, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. PETER GARSON, to Mrs. OWEN, both of this city.

On Sunday evening the 25th ult. by Abab Arnold, Eſq. Mr. PETER I. STOUGHTENBURGH, aged 16 years, to Miſs POLLY BRIGGS, aged 14 years, only daughter of Mr. John Briggs, of Clinton.

☞ SUCH of our Subſcribers who intend removing in May, are requeſted to ſend the name of the ſtreet, and number removed to.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be preſented, a Comedy in five acts, as performing in London with unbounded applauſe, called,

The Soldier's Daughter.

To which will be added, a Comedy, called,

Mrs Wiggins.

25,000 *Dollars the higheſt prize.*

For ſale by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 Pete-Slip,

TICKETS

In Lottery No. II. for the ENCOURAGEMENT of LITERATRUE,

A few Tickets are yet on hand.

☞ TICKETS REGISTERED & EXAMNED.

SEMINARY.

AS the partnerſhip of TOWNSEND, KITCHELL, and MADAN will diſſolve, by mutual conſent, on the firſt day of May, the ſubſcriber takes this method to inform the public, that he has taken the room, occupied, the laſt year, by Mr Peter M'Lean, in Duane-ſtreet, oppoſite the Methodiſt Meeting Houſe; where he intends opening his ACADEMY, for the enſuing year. Encouraged by the ſucceſs he has hitherto met with, he flatters himſelf that, by perſevering in his endeavors to make SOUND ſcholars, he ſhall have the felicity to give ſatisfaction to his employers; and merit, and obtain the patronage of an enlightened public.

WALTER TOWNSEND.

New-York, April 21, 1804.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, author of the "Pleasures of Hope"

OUR bugles had sung, for the night-cloud had lowre'd,
And the centinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die!

When rapt in the still night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw,
And twice, ere the cock crew, dreamt it again.

Methough from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had ranm'd on a defolate track,
'Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
To the haule of my father, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields travell'd so oft
In life's morning march when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain goat bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup and fondly we swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part,
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart.

Stay! flay with us! rest! thou art weary, and worn,
And fain was the war broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

ANECDOTE.

A noble lord having given a grand gala, his taylor made one among the company whom his lordship walked up to, and accosted in the following manner: "My dear Sir, I recollect your face, but cannot remember your name;" to which addressed the taylor whispered in answer. "I MADE YOUR BREECHES" his lordship taking him by the hand, said aloud, "MAJOR BRIDGES, I am very glad to see you."

PATENT FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER, takes this opportunity to inform the public, that he still continues carrying on the above business and that he has procured a quantity of STOUT CANVAS manufactured for the express purpose, from one to seven yards in width, together with other improvements, which will enable him to carry on the business on a more extensive and perfect plan than he has hitherto had it in his power to do; and is now able to serve his customers with this kind of FLOOR-CLOTHS to any plan or dimensions, equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported, and in a much shorter time and cheaper rate.

N. B. Those ladies and gentlemen, who wish to be supplied with the above articles for the approaching summer, will do well to forward their orders soon, that the Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the spring, as some time is necessary for seasoning.

☞ Orders left at Odiorne and Van Nostrand's, No 7 Beekman Slip, New-York, or at the Factory, in Brooklyn Long-Island, will be assiduously attended to. Dec. 17

SELECT TUITION,

FOR YOUNG LADIES,

From 12 to 3 o'clock.

Young Ladies above 12 who are desirous of perfecting themselves, in an approved system of English Education, may apply at James Reids Select School for young Ladies No 80 Greenwich-street, on or before the 7th of May, as none will be admitted after that date.

March 30, 1804 794---4w.

E. THOMPSON,

Silk, Cotton, and Woolen Dyer, No. 26 Broad-Street,

CLEANS and dyes all sorts of silks and farins. Gentlemen's clothes cleaned and dyed. Ladies gowns dyed and glazed. Silk stockings and camel hair shawls elegantly cleaned and sellendered. Chip hats dyed and neatly finished. Feb. 25. 789.t---t.

MORALIST.

"Forsake the foolish, and live, and go in the way of underslanding."

THERE is an intimate connection between our own moral characters and the characters of those with whom we associate. In the first place, it is natural to suppose, that we select for our companions such as possess habits and dispositions congenial with our own; and thence it may be inferred, that our habits and dispositions are similar to those of our companions. This is one important reason why we should avoid bad company, and endeavour to establish ourselves in that which is morally good. In the second place, we naturally imbibe the habits, the sentiments, and the manners of our associates, however different ours may have been formed by nature or by education. The water which passes through minerals, partakes of their taste and efficacy. This is another strong inducement for us to frequent the circles of those, and those only, who are worthy of our esteem and our imitation.

Since our characters are thus dependent on those with whom we are familiar, our companions ought to be persons who have been carefully educated, of good dispositions, of sublime-liked characters honest and honorable; moderate in their expenses, and temperate in their lives. In such company we shall neither injure our morals nor tarnish our fame; but our credit will be established, our interest promoted, and our happiness increased.

"Select those for your companions," says one, "who are men of good sense and understanding; and if possible, who excel in some art, science or accomplishment that so in the course of your acquaintance, your very hours of amusement may contribute to your improvement; and for the most part, such as are open and communicative, and take as much pleasure in being heard, as you do to be instructed. By pursuing such a conduct, you will be an ornament and useful member of society."

N. SMITH,

Chemical perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Golden Rose No, 124 Broadway, opposite the City-House.

SMITH's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving---with printed directions,---62, 87, and 122 per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 42, and 87 per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 12, per lb---do. Violet, double scented, 12 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 25 6d,

Highly improved fawn-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 32, per pot or roll, double, 48.

His white almond Wash Ball, 82, and 32 each. Very good common, 12 Camphor, 25 & 32. Do. Vegetable.

Smith's Ballsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth. 82 and 42 per box;

His fine cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable.

Smith's Savonette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above with directions, 42 and 82 per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 82 and 42 per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of Essences scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking---Almond Powder for the Skin, 52 lb

Smith's Cicasilia Oil, for girling and keeping the hair in curl. His Purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principle, to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 32 per box.

The best warranted Concave Razors, elastic Razor Strop Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen Knives, Scissars, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn Combs. Superfine white Starch Smelling bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and gentlemen will no only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery Great allowance to those who sell again.

Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin

particularly

Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Ringworms, Tan, Sun-burn Shingles, Scorbutic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every description, Pricaley Heat, Redness of the Nose, Back Arms, &c.

Are effectually and speedily cured by

Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable LOTION.

THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the world. It has been administered by the proprietor for several years in Europe and America with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurvy in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficacious remedy, and a valuable and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, infinitely superior to the common trash---Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roses! Suffice it however to say, it has been administered to many thousands in the United States and West Indies with the greatest and most unparalleled success, and without even a single complaint of its inefficacy. A small bottle at 75 cents will be found sufficient to prove its value

Price 75 cents.

☞ Prepared and sold at Church's Dispensary, No. 139 Pearl-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. York. Dec. 3.

For the Use of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by P. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-Street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Ballsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vessel Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tuscal Shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Paper and Curling Irons, &c.

EFFECT OF LITERATURE.

"LITERATURE is with me save the President Montesquieu, a never failing remedy for all the ills of life, nor did I ever know what that sorrow was, which an hours reading could not dissipate."

With confidence that there is truth in the above quotation, it is presumed that the public will learn with some interest that, H. CARITAT offers for sale at his store, City Hotel, Broad-way, the first complete Explanatory Catalogue, he ever published of his

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